

Title: Discovery of the Tomb

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Day Six:

Late last night our camp  
was set upon by a pack  
of wild beasts -  
behemoth creatures with  
a speed and viciousness  
I'd n'ere before seen.

Even Grimmoch, well  
versed in all manner of  
wildlife, was unsure as to  
their nature - though I  
lay blame upon the  
darkness covering their  
movements rather than on  
his skill as a huntsman.

The attacks did not let  
up the entire night, and  
we were eventually forced  
to flee into the Tomb  
itself to take refuge  
from the ravenous  
creatures - e'en

Lysander's spells could  
not keep the foul things  
from attacking in great  
numbers. The Tomb  
performed well as an  
impromptu fortress, and  
we managed to spend the  
night unscathed. Morning's  
light seemed to have  
scattered the beasts, as  
not a single one of them  
was to be seen as exited  
the Tomb - not even a  
carcass of the few that  
were slain a'fore we fled.

Lysander set the crew to  
work, moving our supplies  
and gear into the Tomb,  
in case the creatures did  
opt to return. Such  
savage fury had the  
beasts - and not a single  
one ever turned to run,  
even in the face of  
certain death.